THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, Muſick, Tranſlations, &c.

APRIL 1692.

Plus multo tibi debiturus hic eſt,
Quam debet Domino ſuo libellus.

Licenſed, *April* 13th, 1692. *R. Midgley.*

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The GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: *Or,* *The* MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

SIR,

I Concluded my laſt with His Majeſties going for *Holland*, and cannot begin this better, than with his Arrival there. That Monarch is not leſs Fortunate, than Vigilant and Brave; and no ſooner arrived at *Harwich* in order to embark, but the Wind, which before was directly contrary, turning about, became as Fair as could be wiſhed, and proſperouſly brought him to the oppoſite ſhoar.

This uninterrupted *Series* of Succeſs, which attends that Hero where ever he moves, and crowns his moſt daring Enterprizes, ſeems to command us, that tremble at the thoughts of the dangers he outbraves, no longer to fear for Him whom Heaven doubtleſs preſerves for the good of Mankind. Take theſe *Verſes* upon that Subject.

On His Majeſties Succeſſes. A Pindaric.

I.

CEaſe, happy Britons, *ceaſe to fear:*
WILLIAM *the Juſt, the Brave, the Great,*
Abroad from Ruin ſaves a Neighb'ring State;
MARY *the Wiſe, the Good, the Fair,*
Is our Guardian Angel here.
See, how the Belgic *Lands their Hero greet!*
Ev'n Anti-Monarchiſts the great Dictator love,
And eaſy under Regal Fetters move.
Not their vaſt Works, which check the raging Tyde,
And Conqu'rors o're the baffled Ocean ride,
Afford more Strength, and more Security,
Than mighty WILLIAM *gives them all,*
From their impending Fall,
By the perfidious Force of Neighb'ring Tyranny.

II.

A mighty Task it was to drive the Sea,
(A fierce encroaching Enemy)
From the green Ooze it graſp'd before;
At once a ſolid Empire to regain,
From the profound Embraces of the Main,

And bind its angry Waves within a narrower Shore
Out-top its watry Mounts with Hills of Sand,
And put its rowling Surges to a ſtand:
This their bold Fathers did, and yet, in vain,
Their Offspring ſtrove to reap the Fruits of all their Pain,
A Flood of Ills o'reſpread the Land, more Fatal than the Main.
From this, what Power had ſet them Free,
Had not the Brave NASSAUS,
All fated to defend Religion and the Laws,
Redeem'd their Darling Liberty,
From unrelenting Alva's *Slavery?*
As now, without our WILLIAM's *ſaving Hand,*
A ſtill worſe Deluge had o'rewhelm'd th' already ſinking Land.

III.

The great * *Firſt Mover which revolves the Sky*
With its ineaffble Rapidity,
Moves not more Orbs round this Terreſtrial Ball,
More thwarting, various motions forces with its own,
Then, ſpight of different Motives, He alone
Can unite Oppoſites to follow at His Call.
Without Him no ſtupendous Revolution can be ſeen,
His All-commanding Genius *moves the grand Machine.*

* The Primum Mobile.

IV.

And yet Impervious to the piercing Eye,
Within the Hero's *Breaſt*
His great Reſolves, of a ſure Seat poſſeſt,
In gloomy, and eternal Silence lie,
Moſt fatal to his trembling Foe,
Who e're he hears his Thunder feels the Blow.
Fearleſs he doth for dreadful War prepare:
For what ſhould that bold Mortal fear,
Whoſe Slaves the jarring Elements appear?
What ſhould He fear, for whom the Northern Seas
Lay down their rugged Waves, and angry Menaces?
What ſhould he fear, whom the rude Winds obey,
And to his Port with eaſy Gales convey?
Whoſe boldeſt hopes ſubmitting Realms outfly,
And proſtrate to his Wiſhes lie?
His Motions ſcatter'd the rough Sons of War,
As riſing Sun-beams from afar
Diſſolve cold Alpine *Snows.*
Death's fatal Miſſives Him their Maſter knew,
And flagg'd, and only kiſt him gently as they flew,
What could his Force oppoſe?

Whom neither rapid Streams alarm'd,
Nor adverſe Banks with threatning Squadrons arm'd,
But through a thouſand Deaths he preſt,
To Fate and Heav'n expos'd his manly Breaſt:
Back the threatning Squadrons flew,
While well-rang'd Troops the flying Crouds purſue.
Thus a Third Realm was won,
And Conqu'ring WILLIAM *wears the truly tripleCrown.*

V.

Nor could the bold Pellæan *Youth aſpire*
To larger Fame,
Or at his mighty Perſian *Conqueſts aim*
With Nobler Heat, or a Diviner Fire.
With little handfuls firſt he croſt the Seas,
Nor could the flying News diſpleaſe
That pow'rful Monarch, whoſe extended State,
Dreadful to all the Tribes around,
Seem'd ſtrong enough to check the ſtrength of Fate,
With Wealth, and every Bleſſing crown'd,
That could a Confidence ſecure create.
But, to arreſt the winged Hero's *Courſe,*
Perſia's *ſure Friend the fatal* Granic *ſtood;*
Once a calm and gentle Flood,
But now enrag'd for his dear Perſia's *Fall,*
Out he at once with all his mighty ſtock of Waters broke,
Againſt the Phalanx *rais'd a watry Wall;*
Where while the Macedonian *ſtay'd*
To ſee the tumid Billows lay'd,
From his ſandy Bed,
The ancient River rais'd his reverend Head,
And thus with a Prophetic Rage, the Neighb'ring Springs beſproke.

VI.

Perſia's *no more! the fatal Time's at hand,*
When this huge Empire muſt ſubmit
To Conqu'ring Alexander's *Feet,*
He muſt the trembling Univerſe command.
In vain, alas! in vain our ſwelling Waters riſe,
In vain we try
To ſtop the rapid force of Deſtiny;
In vain the valiant Spithridates *lies*
With glittering Troops to guard the farther Shoar,
I ſee, I ſee the Boy with God-like Air,

Beyond what common Mortals dare,
Plunge through the deep.
Parmenio, *and* Philotas *too,*
(Brave, but unfortunate) and Thouſands more
Follow their Leader ; nor the cliffy ſteep
Of riſing Banks can daunt the Martial Crew.
See how the Macedonian *Swords and Shields*
Strike Terror through the Purple Fields!
Brave Rhæſaces, *and* Spithridates *fall,*
Among a thouſand Groans,
Luckleſs, ſad, foreboding Tones
To Perſia's *Funeral.*

VII.

What Force can now the raging Conqueror ſtay,
When Sea, Land, Nature, Art, and All give way?
O Iſſus! Iſſus! *O* Arbela *fam'd*
For Blood and Ruins! How Death ſtalks about
Among the flying Daſtard Rout!
How the grim Fiend now gluts himſelf on human Gore,
More than the Sceleton *had ever gorg'd at once before!*
See poor forſaken Codoman!
How Gay, and Fair, at firſt his Day began,
For Regal State by God and Nature fram'd.
He flies! He flies! the wretched Monarch flies
From Macedonian *Rage, to* Bactrian *Treacheries!*
Hark! I hear the Traytors groan!
Falſe Beſſus! *Baſe* Nabarſanes!
O may their Blood the Royal Ghoſt appeaſe!
And Tortures for their impious Crimes atone.
Go, happy Prince, Triumphant now,
Juſtice and Valor both adorn your Brow.
A thouſand Princes on your Chariots wait,
Indus *and* Ganges *both attend your State,*
And from Your Glorious Hand the World expects her Fate.

I muſt entertain you with the Relation of an uncommon, tho very true Adventure.

IN one of the Two Univerſities, a young Gentleman of extraordiuary Parts and Piety, and withal poſſeſt of an honourable Poſt in his College, had contracted an intimate Friendſhip with a young Lady, whoſe natural Inclination to Learning had brought her thither, having ſome near Relations there, who could entertain her according to her Modeſty and For-

ortune, which as well as her Beauty and Wit were very eminent. ll the ſymptoms of a ſtrong inclination to one another were to be ead in their looks, and tho like the beſt (I ſhould have ſaid the reateſt) part of her Sex, ſhe exclaimed no leſs againſt that which ome call the Love of fleſh and blood, than ſhe extolled Platonic ove, yet moſt people lookt on them both as a pair predeſtinated o multiply their makers Image, in the good old way of Matrimony. Whatever the Ladies diſpoſition might be in the infancy of their cquaintance, at laſt ſhe found that a little of Terreſtrial Love might e mixt with her Metaphyſical Friendſhip, and no great harm done; nd that meer contemplation, tho of the moſt beautiful objects, was ut contemplation ſtill, and either grows tedious if we are exclu-ed from the hopes of poſſeſſing,or ſoon makes us ſtark mad to enjoy hem when within our reach.

They had paſt three years in this abſtracted Philoſophical Union, when the Lady, tyr'd (perhaps) out of her notional Love, was downright bent for a more ſubſtantial one, and one evening could ot forbear expreſſing to her ſpiritual admirer the ſenſe ſhe had of is merits, and her weakneſs; that ſhe found frailty one of the di-ſtinguiſhing characters of man, and more perhaps of womankind. n ſhort, that marriage is an honourable ſtate, and, ſince they knew one another ſo well,they might the better venture upon it; therefore er fortune which was ſufficient to maintain them both was at his ommand, as well as herſelf, if he would forego his Colledge for her ed. The contemplative Lover was ſtartled at theſe words, and aving told her that he would ſend her his Anſwer, with ome precipitation left her. But whether he had vow'd perpetual Cœlibacy,or was fooliſhly diffident of his own merit,or ſome natural rigidity was a Bar to his earthly enjoyments, he was reſolved to con-ine himſelf to Ideal happineſs, and decline the dear fleeting droſs of worldly pleaſure; and the next morning, by a Friend, ſent her a etter, with the following Lines.

SInce Love hath kindled in our Eyes
A chaſt and holy Fire,
It were a Sin, if thou, or I,
Should let its Flame expire.

What tho our bodies never meet?
Loves Fuel's more divine;
The fixt Stars by their twinklings greet,
And yet they never joyn.

Falſe

False meteors who still change their place,
Tho they seem fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace
Fall down, and loose their light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come, light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'le take fresh Fires from thine.

Thus when we shall preserve from waste,
The Flames of our desires,
No Vestals shall maintain more chaste,
Nor more immortal Fires.

This with his absence had such a strange effect on the poor long[ing] Lady, that she foolishly pin'd away, and dyed within six weeks [af]ter it. The sad news was brought to the self banished Platoni[st] and *then* either griev'd at the Lady's doleful fate, or his neglect of [so] real a Lover, he very fairly broke his heart upon it, and packed [up] after her within less than a month; which in my opinion was a silli[er] action than his former. This account I have from the very per[son] who carried the Letter, who is a Reverend Divine.

Since absence hath such fatal consequences, Lovers should ende[a]vour never to leave the object of their Passion: But alas! a thousa[nd] indispensible accidents oblige the tendereſt Amorists to be torn fro[m] one another. This gave occasion to the following Verses. The Author appears to be one of the most passionate that ever writ, y[et] their Beauty seems not to come short of his Love.

On a Person of Quality going to *Turky*.

IN dying Accents I my fate deplore,
Since now Clorinda *is to me no more;*
She's gone to raise new Trophies on a barbarous Shore.

To curb the haughty customs of the East,
To change the Crescent into Cupid's *Crest,*
And plant a melting Heart *in ev'ry Tyrants Breast.*

With pity on Troy's *heaps she'll cast her Eyes,*
Where Crowds of Heroes Ghosts shall wondring rise,
And rage, they fought and dy'd for a less glorious Prize.

Oh! As her Beauty, may her Fate and Fame
Obscure the story of the Grecian *Dame;*
Tho to preserve her safe, ten Troys *were doom'd to Flame.*

Lea[st]

Leander's *paſſage too ſhe'll there ſurvey,*
Where he t'wards Seſtos *cut his liquid way,*
(Oh Force of Love!) but periſh'd in the bold eſſay.

Me, neither Floods, nor Flames, nor Rocks could fright,
Would ſhe but call; for bleſt Clorinda's *ſight*
May I at once be curſt with all their rage and ſpight.

In vain, we ſhould invoke the Winds and Seas,
And offer Vows, their Godheads to appeaſe;
When ſhe Triumphant rules the Raging Deities.

Whilſt I alas! Storms of diſpair ſuſtain,
Feel all that Lovers can, or Poets feign,
And wiſh for Death, the Wretches laſt reſort, in vain.

Go then for ever, ever, *from my Eyes,*
Thou Deareſt, Brighteſt, Beſt of Enemies,
Thou Robber of my Reſt, and Poys'ner of my Joys.

Go, Reign where Love, for near a thouſand years,
Has felt no Tranſports, known no Joys or Fears,
And where your ſullen Sex for ours ſhed all the Tears.

How will they rue the day, as I have done,
When they behold the Fate they cannot ſhun,
And you (like them in fight) will mercy ſhew to none!

An Iſland conqueſt was too ſtreight for you,
Whole Continents of Victims are your due,
Whoſe very ſight alone ſuffices to ſubdue.

And 'tis but juſt your conquering Form ſhould find,
Such Objects for your mighty conquering mind,
As are to Univerſal Monarchy deſign'd.

But oh! what Thought can reach, what Numbers tell,
The Agonies that reach her laſt farwel?
When a good King departs, perhaps, the Court may mourn,
And half the Land with Tears bedew his Urn.
But paint ſome bolder hand, while I diſpairing dye,
A breaking heart in every Breaſt, and Tears in every Eye.

The following Diſcourſe I have from a Learned Perſon,
Of the means to Diſſicate and Moiſten.

IT ſeems that to moiſten a thing, we need only water it frequently, yet it generally cauſes a contrary effect; for the beſt means to dry, is to wet often, and at ſeveral times. Experience ſhews us this,

this in thoſe Boards and pieces of Wood which are expoſed to the Air, after they have been watered ſeveral times. The ſame happens to all Bodies that are often watered, and expoſed to the Sun. To conceive the reaſon of this, we muſt know, that Bodies being porous, their pores are partly filled with a certain Marrow or Down, compoſed of ſeveral ſmall particles of different figures, which gather and keep themſelves in thoſe pores, being leſs expoſed to the motions of the Air, and, as it were, ſheltered in thoſe ſmall Cavities. Theſe may be diſcovered by the means of Microſcopes, which make us diſcern the pores of Wood, thoſe of Hair, Stones, &c. Now in theſe pores reſide thoſe particles of water which moiſten the body, and that radical moiſture which tempers it, and preſerves our youthful vigor. It forms itſelf of many ſmall particles of water, mixed among ſome other heterogenious particles, and even among unctious ones; ſo that from this mixture is made a kind of marrow, or *mucilage*, very proper for generation.

But when thoſe bodies are moiſtned, the water entring into the pores, begins to unite it ſelf to the watry particles it meets with, and afterwards diſſolves the ſalts it finds in thoſe pores, and then making only one ſubſtance of what is in, and out of them, it happens that the drineſs of the Air, or the Suns heat, cauſing all the water to evaporate, thoſe particles that were in thoſe pores are carried away with the others; whence it follows, that the body is diſſicated by it, and its pores being widened, it loſes at once part of its weight and moiſtneſs. So much may be ſaid of inanimated Bodies. As for Animals and Plants, there being in their bodies a living moiſture, which ought from time to time to be nouriſhed and repaired, it is certain that they muſt be moiſten'd with drink, or water'd; yet thoſe Animals which drink much, and walk little, diſſicate too much; and Plants, when too much water'd, do the ſame.

Tho you have ſeen ſeveral Imitations of the 9th. *Ode* of *Horace's* 3d. Book of *Lyrics*, I dare promiſe my ſelf that this will not be unwelcom to you. When ſo many ingenious Perſons have attempted the ſame Subject, it would be ſomewhat preſumptuous to fix the Preference any where; however, this ſeems to me, to bid as fair for it as any. The Author of it deſires not to be named.

Hor. Ode 9. lib. 3. Donec gratus eram tibi.

Amint. *WHile in my deareſt* Cælia's *Arms*
I lay all melting, panting, dying,
Poſſeſt of her Celeſtial Charms,
And the poor Rival World outvying;
Not the Grand Louis *with his noiſy State,*
Enjoy'd a ſweeter, or a Nobler Fate.

Cælia.

Cælia. *While kind* Amintor *liked me beſt,*
With Sighs an endleſs Love profeſſing,
Nor Phillis *could invade his Breaſt,*
But I alone enjoy'd the Bleſſing:
His Muſe had rais'd his envy'd Cælia's *Fame*
Above the great Bunduca's *lofty Name.*

Amint. *O're me the lovely* Phyllis *reigns,*
Her flowing Wit, her Beauty warms me,
Now with her Lutes bewitching Streins,
Now with her heavenly Voice ſhe charms me:
Nor ſhould I tremble at Death's loudeſt Call,
Might the dear Girl ſurvive the Funeral.

Cælia. *My Heart for youthful* Daphnis *burns,*
Daphnis *the Gay, the Brave retains me,*
My Flames with kindeſt Flames returns,
And in Love's ſofteſt Fetters chains me;
Had I a thouſand Lives I'de loſe them all,
Might the ſweet Boy ſurvive my Funeral.

Amint. *Should my loſt heat return again,*
The God of Love my Flames renewing;
Should I throw off my Tyrant Chain,
The Witchcraft of her Charms undoing;
Could her Apoſtate Cælia's *Heart retrieve?*
Could ſhe her perjur'd Prodigal believe?

Cælia. *Too well alas! She loves thee ſtill,*
Nor can thy ſenſleſs Falſhood change her:
And tho' ſhe knows thy various Will,
Thy cold Returns, her certain Danger,
Tho' Daphnis *brighter than fixt Stars ſhould be,*
Shee'd ever Love, and Live, and Die with thee.

I have had the Particulars of the following piece of News from a very good Hand.

The Adventure of the NIGHT-CAP.

A Gentleman of a conſiderable Eſtate, had been married about a Year to a young Lady, whoſe Beauty tho' great, was yet inferior to her Wit; her admirable good Humor, and free Converſation, made her not only the Eſteem, but Love of all that knew her; and her Husband giving her all the Liberty imaginable, ſhe ſeldom wanted Viſitants; the *Park*, the *Play*, *Muſick-Meetings*, *Cards*, *Balls*, were her daily Enjoyments. She had plenty of Admirers, (you may ſwear) and they did not fail to tell her, That ſhe was handſom,

and that it was impoſſible to ſee her without loving her. She always ſeemed to be very much obliged to them for it, and a tender declaration never made her uneaſy. However, diſtinctions ſhe underſtood not, and particular Favours were not to be look'd for from her. She received all People alike, and thoſe that would be of the number of her Friends, or of her Lovers, (for the Name did not fright her) were obliged to be ſatisfied with general kindneſſes. The moſt paſſionate doubled their Courtſhip, upon the hopes which Time and Expectation gave them; and when too many Witneſſes hindred them from ſpeaking otherwiſe, commonly made uſe of their looks; ſhe on her ſide had always ſtore of flattering ones, which perſuading them that theirs were underſtood, eaſily brib'd them to purſue. Thus her Court was always very numerous, ſhe never diſcountenanced any one; and this eaſy, free way of living ſhe liked ſo much the more, becauſe her Husband being by her intruſted with all things, took his ſhare of the pleaſure ſhe had in it. However, her facility of acceſs and freedom, did not paſs altogether uncenſured. Many ſaid, *That the Ear is not ſo freely lent, without a deſign to win the Heart.* And tedious Lectures were preached to her upon this Text, by a She-Friend, of a Character quite oppoſite to hers, who was a Woman of a grave and moroſe outſide, handſom, tho' ſomewhat declining; and who regarding with an Eye of pity all thoſe that draw on themſelves the ſuſpition of an Intrigue, uſed to affect a cautious, or rather ſuperſtitious Regularity, able to damp the moſt preſumptuous Addreſſers. There was no familiarity to be had with her. The leaſt freedom in Converſation would ſtrike her dumb. She was always as ſerious as an Hypocrite at Prayers, and ſhunned all opportunities of appearing at publick places, unleſs it were a Church. In ſhort, the name of *Preciſian* ſeem'd to be eſteemed by her beyond all other Enjoyments. She was not inſenſible to pleaſure for all this, and how reſerved ſoever ſhe deſired to be thought, had her private hours, which ſhe managed cunningly. But, by a Maxim which hath its Followers as well as others, ſhe was perſuaded that Scandal alone makes the Crime, and indeed the reſemblance of Vertue pleaſed her much better than Vertue it ſelf.

A certain Gentleman in the world had found the way to make her tractable. Their Intrigue was deep, and their Meetings ſo private, that the Town did not ſo much as imagin he knew her. By chance our married Lady diſcovered this, and being tired with her hourly Lectures of preciſeneſs, after ſhe had told her ſeveral times that ſhe had rather receive her Friends publick Viſits, than to entertain one privately; at laſt made her know, that ſhe was no

ſtranger

ſtranger to her Amours. This was more than ſufficient to make her her mortal Enemy. She could not forgive her ſuch a diſcovery, and a ſentiment of Hatred joining it ſelf with Jealouſy, (that Paſſion ſo natural to the Sex, even amongſt the greateſt Chronies) ſhe wholly bent her mind to diſoblige her, and made uſe of her uſual hypocriſie, the better to carry on her deſign. Either ſhe judged of her Friend by herſelf, or the uncommon Freedom ſhe uſed made her doubt of her Vertue; this made her converſe with her more than ever, in hopes to diſcover ſomething: But tho' ſhe could be admitted in at all hours, yet perceiving no privacy, nor any thing that lookt as ill as ſhe deſired, ſhe had almoſt given over her prying undertaking, when one certain Morning the Husband being gone out of Town for two or three days, our *Preciſian* came in the Afternoon to ſee the Lady, and finding none of the Servants to ask for her, went ſtrait to her Chamber. The Door was ſhut, and the Key out. Deſiring to ſurprize her, ſhe would not knock, but peeped through the Key-hole, which fac'd the Lady's Bed ſide. But oh the pleaſing ſight ſhe beheld! She ſaw her lying between the ſheets aſleep, with her Face towards the door, and another perſon with a Man's Night-Cap on ſleeping by her. Tho' ſhe could not ſee his Face, that being turned another way, ſhe bleſt her ſelf for ſuch a Diſcovery; this Night-Cap, by the Ladies Coif, ſeemed to her in the moſt narrow union imaginable; ſhe was conſidering on the beſt means to diſcover the ſleeping Lovers, when ſhe heard ſome body coming up, and her ſurprize was equal to her joy, to find it was the Husband. She knew that he was gone out of Town that morning, but was ignorant of the occaſion of his ſpeedy return, which hapned, becauſe he had heard by the way that thoſe whom he went to, were gone into the North. As ſoon as ſhe perceived him, ſhe went down five or ſix ſteps, and taking him by the hand, as if ſhe would have led him ſomewhere elſe, gave him in malicious terms to underſtand, that ſhe did him a very good office. Her low voice, her pretended diſorder, and an extraordinary eagerneſs which ſhe affected to deſire him not to go up, made him ſtark mad to do it. She made ſome faint offers ſtill to ſtay him, but at laſt coming up to the Chamber door with him, deſired him to peep only through the Key-hole; adding, *That there are ſome things which a Man of Honour ought often not to take notice of, and that ſhe promiſed him to keep counſel.* The poor Husband, more troubled with theſe laſt words, peep'd, and the fatal Night-Cap was to him, a conviction of a misfortune which he before thought he had no reaſon to fear. *Acteon* was not more ſurprized, when the ſubſtantial Creſt ſpouted out of

his Forehead: He ſoon grew furious, and deſiring that the witneſs of his Shame, ſhould be alſo be that of his Revenge, went to break open the door: Tho the informing Diſſembler was not ſorry that he had ſeen the thing, yet ſhe did not delight in blood, and *then* in good earneſt endeavoured to hold him; for as he held his Piſtols, which (before) he was going to lay up, ſhe began to fear that he would rid her of a Friend whom ſhe deſired might live, tho it were but to triumph over her; yet in vain ſhe ſtrove to lay the Storm ſhe had raiſed, and work him into a tame, faſhionable Husband; He immediately broke open the door. His thoughtleſs Spouſe, whom this great noiſe ſoon awaked, could hardly believe what ſhe ſaw, and almoſt thought it a Dream. Her Husband was no more that tractable thing ſhe knew him, and his looks made her eaſily judge that he did not rage thus for nothing. Her Betrayer, in the mean time, having ſeized his Piſtols, he ſtrove to wreſt them out of her hands, to take away the life of him that robbed him of his Honour: when having caſt his eyes on this ptetended Gallant, he found him to be his Ladies younger Siſter. She was come that day out of the Country, and loving one another intirely, after they had talked a long time, the two Siſters, ſomewhat ſleepy, the firſt having parted with a kind Husband early, and the other tired with her Journey, went to Bed together, having firſt given Order below, to ſay that there was no Body at home; our *Preciſian* had unluckily found the door open, and miſt the Servants. The young Siſter was of a wild, pleaſant humor, and the Husband's Night-Cap lying on the Toilet, ſhe jocularly had clapped it on her head, ſaying to her Siſter, *That ſhe would be her Husband that day.* The exceſs of Grief the Husband had felt, made him the more ſenſible to the Joy of finding his Wife as vertuous as he had believed her. The terms he uſed to gain a pardon of his injurious proceeding, were the moſt tender and moving that Love and Sorrow could invent; and not being able to juſtify himſelf, without informing her of her falſe Friends unkindneſs, he gave her an account of it. She then could not forbear diſcovering her baſeneſs, and ſpoke what ever ſhe knew concerning her; named her Gallant, and the place where they uſed to meet, and put our *Preciſian* into ſuch a Rage, that ſhe went out as mad and furious as the Husband came in. This hath incenſed them wonderfully one againſt the other: If I hear any thing further about it, I may chance to let you know it.

I was

I was obliged by a Perſon of Quality with the following Imitation of the 11th Ode of *Horace*'s 2d Book.

Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c. By S. *J. G.*

NO longer break thy head with France,
Sidney, *or how they will advance;*
The Sea's between; nor fear what we
Shall do, who little want, but thee.

Our dancing Days, our downie Face,
Our ſparkling Blood run back apace;
And Love, perceiving us turn gray,
With gentle ſlumbers haſt's away.

Flow'rs quickly loſe their bloomy grace,
The Moon ne're ſhines with the ſame face.
Why load you then your mind with care,
Beyond what it was made to bear.

Or rather, why do we not Drink?
Champaigne *relieves the heads that think,*
And in its place our Blood do's fire
Into a raging hot deſire.

Then who can ſooneſt Nannie *bring,*
A rambling Jade, and bid her ſing
So neat, ſo elegantly dreſt,
That you would ſwear ſhe were the beſt.

I would not have ſent you this Continuation of the *Lover's Gazette*, had not ſome Ingenious Perſons deſir'd it. Thoſe Allegorical Trifles are not however without their Moral, and as good a uſe may be made of them, as of ſome *Apologues*, ſince there is ſomething of Satyr runs through the whole.

No. 2.

The Lover's Gazette.

From Dowry *in the Land of* Portion, *the* 14th *of the month of* Settlement.

THE News from our Frontiers alarm us very much. General *Intereſt*, at the head of Forty thouſand *pretended Kindneſſes*, threatens to invade us, and hath brought with him many Ingeniers, and great ſtore of Fireworks and Machines, deſigning to uſe all the *Stratagems* imaginable to conquer us. *Love* follows him, and obſerves his motions with a Body of preſſed *Aſſiduities* and *Complaiſances*, which upon the others

other's approach, he hath drawn out of the Towns of *Beauty* and *Merit*, where they were in Gariſon before, abandoning them, to follow General *Intereſt*, who is moving towards this Town.

From the Camp before Cruelty *the laſt day of the month of* Deſpair.

THE Beſieged ſallied out with 500 *Angry Looks* the 27th at Night, and ruined all the Beſiegers Works, killed 300 of the Regiment of *Paſſion*, and nailed two ſmall pieces of Cannon on the Battery of *Sighs*. But the following Night Major General *Boldneſs*, and Colonel *Daring*, ſtormed the half Moon of *Stubbornneſs*, which covered the Gate of *Rigor*; and having charg'd and defeated two Companies of *Huffs* and *Slights* that defended it, purſued them almoſt into the Town, whilſt it was beaten on all ſides with the 3 Batteries of *tender looks*, *Sighs* and *Flattery*. That of *Gifts*, whoſe Cannon was charged with *Silver* Balls, played alſo all the while into the Town, and made a very large Breach, and a Battery of Mortar-pieces, call'd *Perſeverance*, having ſet *Fire* to it, and blowed up the Magazine of *Scorn*; the Beſieged beat a *Parley*, and began to *Capitulate*. Major *Preſent*, and Adjutant *Vows*, were ſent as Hoſtages, and alſo to agree about the terms for the delivery of the Fort.

From the Caſtle of Preciſeneſs, *in the* Province *of* Hypocriſy, *the* 17th *day of the month of* Diſſimulation.

TWO days ago the Lord *Crafty* blocked up this place, not thinking fit to beſiege it, and having ſent out ſome Spies, as alſo the Ingenier *Pimpo*, with a Party to obſerve its Outworks, and the Enemies countenance, they returned with a Captain of the Regiment of *Diſſembling*, whom they had ſurprized, and taken Priſoner; from him we learned, that the Gariſon wanted Proviſion and Ammunition, particularly great and ſmall Shot, and that the Gunners and Muſqueteers had Orders to make a very great Noiſe, and a continual Fire with their Artillery, to intimidate thoſe that would beſiege the place, and give them *falſe Alarms*; that they had a Sally-gate, called, *The wicked of cloſe ſinning*; and that by this private way, they hoped ſecurely to make Inroads, and deceive the Beſiegers, but that it would be eaſy to make our ſelves Maſters of the Town, entring with ſome Forces in the Night ſilently by that Gate. Upon this Information, my Lord *Crafty* detached a Party out of the Regiment of *Secret*, and another out of that of *Silence*, with order to attack by a covered way the Redoubt called *Demureneſs*, and make themſelves Maſters of the Town by *Cloſe Sinning*, which ſucceeded as was expected. We found on the Town-walls many wooden Guns, and paſte-board Machines, to ſcare the fearful ſort of Men, and the Town appeared to us afterwards nothing near ſo ſtrong as we at firſt had believed it.

There

There having been lately a Public Diſſection at *Oxford* of a Woman who was Condemn'd there the laſt Aſſizes, the following *Latin Epigrams* were hung over the *Anatomy School.* The Name of their Author was ſent me with them, but I dare not inſert it for want of his conſent.

Mulieris Diſſectio Publica, Schola Anatomica apud *Oxonienſes*, Mar. 10°. 1692. Ad quemcunque Togatorum Ordinem.

Ad Medicos.

Ne vexate Cruces, non deerunt Corpora cultris.
Pharmaca qui ſumit veſtra, cadaver erit.

Ad Theologos.

O Spectatores Conchæ, Veneriſque culinæ,
Auferte hinc Oculos; vos decet una Fides.

Ad Juriſconſultos.

Fugite Ocyùs quicunque vultis vivere.
Judex futurus, incipit eſſe carnifex.

Mulier loquitur.

Umbra adero, manibuſque uncis, & lumine torvo,
Sic ſpargam nigras veſtra per ora faces.
Si tamen hoc Scelus haud fuero ſatis ulta; ſubibit
Acrior Officium Femina viva meum.

Coll. Omn. An. Oxon.

To theſe *Epigrams*, I will join one upon another Subject given me by a Friend.

Tellurem fecere Dii, ſua littora Belgæ
Immenſæque nitet Molis uterque labor.
Di vario ſparſas glomerarunt Æthere Terras:
Nil, ubi, quod cæptis poſſit obeſſe, fuit.
At Belgis *Maria, & Terræ, naturaque rerum*
Obſtitit, obſtantes hi domuere Deos.

I would not attempt to Engliſh theſe *Epigrams*, for ſeveral Reaſons. Thoſe who do not underſtand *Latin*, ſhall make themſelves amends with this *Engliſh* one, which was alſo given me.

On Matrimony, written to a Roman Catholic Lady.

Cenſures, and Penance, Excommunication,
Are Bug-bear Words to fright a Bigot Nation: *But*

But 'tis the Churches more ſubſtantial Curſe,
To D-mn us all for better and for worſe.
Falſly your Church *ſev'n Sacraments do's frame* ;
Penance *and* Matrimony *are the ſame.*

The following Imitation of *Horace*, was ſent me by Mr. *J. G.*

Hor. Ode 38. lib. 2. Perſicos Odi, Puer apparatus.

COme, Sirrah, ne're tell me of your ways Alamode,
How your Fops treat in France, *and pay Viſits abroad.*
How formal the Fools are when ever they meet,
With what nice Punctilios each brings in his Treat.
I hate your withdrawing Rooms for Choc'lat and Tea,
Your Kick-ſhaws and Sweet-meats are loſt upon me.

Give me your plain Claret, and honeſt old Soaker
That ne're baulks his Glaſs, nor foh's *at the Smoaker.*
I ſha'nt need you with Plate then, and Napkin in hand,
Whilſt the Deſſert *is eating near th' Ciſtern to ſtand:*
Nor bluſh to be ſeen in a dirty cloſe Room
That ſmells of Mundungus, *and wants the kind Broom.*

I ſend you here the Words which I made for a Song, not being able, for want of room, to ſend you alſo the Tune, I rather choſe to ſend you the Words now; leſt ſome over-officious Perſons ſhould ſerve them as they did ſome Words which I made to a *Scotch* Tune, which I deſigned to have ſent you ſome time ago, had they not ſav'd me the trouble of printing the Song my ſelf.

WHEN e're I ſing, or on my Flute I play,
Phyllis, *you paſs whole hours to hear me* ;
But when I ſpeak of Love you go away,
And will not ſtay alas! a moment near me.

Oh! hear a faithful Lover's gentle Tale ;
Muſic tho' ſweet's not half ſo moving :
Loſe not your Bliſs ; *Age will on Youth prevail,*
And then *you'l vainly wiſh to* hear *of Loving.*

Though the following Diſcourſe is only a Collection of ſeveral Philoſophers Opinions concerning the *Saltneſs, and Flux, and Re-flux of the Sea*; I believe that you will have ſome pleaſure in the peruſal of it. It was ſent me by a Friend.

Of the Saltneſs, and Flux, and Re-flux of the Sea.

THE Learned are in a manner as much puzzl'd about the *Saltneſs of the Sea* as about its *Flux and Re-flux*. Some ſay that certain Mountains of Salt which are under the Sea, make the Water ſalt. Others are of opinion that this Saltneſs is an effect of acid and hot Exhalations, which the Sun raiſes from the Earth, and which the Winds carry into the Sea: And from thence (ſay they) we find, that the Sea is ſalter in its ſurface, than at the bottom. Some add, that the Sun continually attracts from the Waters the moſt ſubtile parts, and what is groſſeſt remains behind, being condens'd by its own heat, which by little and little contracts this ſaltneſs. Some are of opinion that the Ocean is naturally ſalt; and that the great Creator has communicated this quality unto it from the beginning of the World, not only to keep it from corrupting with Time; but alſo, that the Waters being more ponderous, it might carry the greater burthens.

The Reaſons of ſome Philoſophers concerning the *Flux and Re-flux*, are theſe. *Plato* thought there were great Gulphs at the bottom of the Sea; and that thoſe Waters which iſſue out impetuouſly out of thoſe Gulphs, re-entring again with the ſame force that they came out, produc'd the motion which we call *the Flux and Re-flux*. The famous *Appollonius Tyaneus* believ'd that this came from I do not know what Spirits which blow under the Ocean, and which do agitate and move the Waves by their ſufflation or breathing.

Other Philoſophers are of opinion that Subterranean Fires cauſe the Sea to boyl, by lighting it; and that this boyling ceas'd, when theſe Fires came to be extinguiſh'd. Some ſay that the Air ſhut up under the Waters, drives the Sea forwards, raiſes and extends it; and that the Sea after having given place for ſome time, repells the Air with ſo much the more violence as it meets with oppoſition. There be ſome who believe that the bottom of the Sea, being unequal, and deeper in the middle than near the brink, all Rivers do precipitate themſelves into the loweſt places; but when they once meet they drive out one the other, and then they re-aſcend from the places from whence they are fall'n.

Many think that the Rivers which water the Earth, are the cauſe of this Flux, and Re-flux; as if by coming out of the Sea, it caus'd it to flow with them, and that in its return it was thereby forc'd upon it ſelf. Some *Arabian* Doctors do aſcribe it to the daily Revolution of the *primum mobile*, as if the Heavens by their agitation gave a motion to the Waters as well as to the Stars, and had an influence upon the great Deep.

Galileus unfolds this motion of the Sea, by that which he imagines to be perform'd in the Earth; That as the Earth is carry'd towards the Eaſt by an unequal motion; in like manner the Waters of the Sea, which are contain'd within the Concavities of the Earth, do withdraw themſelves towards the Eaſt, untill that this motion aſſwaging gradually, they return at length, by their own weight to the ſame place from whence they came out.

A Mathematitian of our own Age ſuppoſes that the Flux and Reflux comes from the ballancing, which the Globe of the Univerſe has upon its Axis; and that the Earth inclining it ſelf twice a day from the South to the North, and then raiſing it ſelf from the North to the South, cauſe's the Waters to come and go according to the diverſity of theſe motions.

Thoſe who are not ſo cunning, decide this intricacy by a ſhorter and eaſier Method: and conclude, without any more adoe, that the Sea has this periodic agitation from it ſelf; or elſe that ſome Divine Intelligence has no other Employment appointed him, but to ballance the Waves in this ſort.

The more curious have recourſe to the Planets. Some think that the Sun dilates the Water by its innate heat; and that the Waters being thus dilated, and requiring a greater ſpace, expand themſelves, and afterwards that they return to their Bed, by a propenſity which is natural to them.

Others would have the whole Buſineſs to have relation to the Moon, as the Planet which bears rule over humid Bodies, and which has ſo great a ſympathy with the Sea, that one changes regularly as the other.

Some of them give to the influences of this Planet, a hidden Power and Vertue, not unlike to that of the Loadſtone: They ſay that the Moon attracts the Waters to it ſelf by a ſecret Vertue, and that it is form'd in manner of a Buckler; which when it opens, expands it ſelf from one part to the other upon the brink, from whence theſe Waters at length withdrawing themſelves, they may be reſtor'd into their natural eſtate and condition.

Some are of opinion, that the Moon paſſing over the Sea, preſſes the Air between its own Globe; and that Element thus preſs'd, forces

forces the water; and flowing from all parts, cauſes the Flux: That the water extricating it ſelf, by little and little, returns to its firſt poſture; and as the Moon paſſes over it, cauſes the Re flux.

But of all the Philoſophers, thoſe, in my opinion, ſeem the pleaſanteſt, who maintain that this motion is a Fever, which has its returning Fits and Symptoms. That as a Fever is contracted by reaſon of bad humours, by which it becomes a ſort of leaven, which being aſſiſted by an exterior Agent, are as its Terms, which being heated by little and little, rots, puffs up, and corrupts the whole maſs of Blood: Thus this motion we are debating of, is excited by the means of Vapors, which the Moon does exhale and draw up from the bottom of the Sea; which being raiſed, do bake, grow putrid, and ferment by the impreſſion and influence of this Planet, untill it becomes a Leaven, and alters and diſcompoſes the Ocean.

They have likewiſe found out an admirable Conſonancy between this ſtrange Fever and ours; and they believe they can explain well enough, according to their Principles, from whence that curling and trembling of the Waters proceed, and why the Water increaſes and decreaſes by little and little. They tell us that the Sea purges it ſelf at certain hours, as well as the ſick; That all its Excrements are not of the nature of Ambergreeſe; for near *Meſſina* it diſcharges it ſelf of very filthy matter; and at *Venice* leaves a very nauſeous ſmell behind it. From hence they conclude that it is not exempted from feveriſh Sweats, and that the brackiſh Foam which it caſts up during its Tempeſtuouſneſs, and great Flux, is the effect of a violent Fit of this terrible Fever.

Thoſe *Pythagorians*, *Platoniſts*, and *Stoics* likewiſe had a pleaſant Fancy, who believ'd that the Earth was a great Animal, which caus'd the Flux by drawing its breath, and the Re-flux by withdrawing it.

It is impoſſible to keep any Order in a Letter, ſuch as mine is I am oblig'd from ſerious matters to fall to ſome of a quite different nature; yet this diſorder, in my opinion, cannot diſpleaſe you, ſince it muſt needs divert by its variety.

Here are ſome Verſes, ſpoken by an Amorous Swain, parting from his *Celia* in a rainy Evening; They were ſent me from *Cambridge*, and were written by Mr. *William Turbill*. I receiv'd with them another ingenious Piece, which I would have inſerted, had I receiv'd it ſooner.

Celia *you muſt not, cannot ſtay,*
Tho' Heav'n block up your way,
Through new fall'n Alps *of deepeſt Snow,*
(Snow not ſo fair, ſo cold as you)
Through loudeſt Hurricans *from me you go.*

See what kind dreadfull Show'rs,
Jove *ſympathizing pow'rs,*
Heav'n an unuſual Paſſion bears,
Clouds ſuch as my ſorrow wears,
And weeps as if with me 'twould melt in Tears.

When at Jove's *awfull ſtroke,*
The opening Sky was ſhook,
Did'ſt thou not think, come, tell me true,
When his wing'd Fire-balls flew,
Each Fleſh a brandiſh'd Bolt, and meant at you.

My laſt *Enigna* was the Tongue, and hath been found out by the following Perſons, under theſe Names ſeveral of them out of the Country. *T. Rogers, Samuel Martin, J. P. Robert Waldoe, Oedipus, Sphynx, J. J. R. S. Parthenope, Tymon, Britomar, O. L. A. D. J. D. Mary Wright, F. L. W. W. E. S. Elizabeth W. S. Wilkinſon,* A young Lady at *Cheſter*; I have alſo receiv'd five Explications of it in Verſe: One of them ſubſcribed *A. F.* too kind and full of Praiſe to be inſerted here; another *E. W.* a third *N. T.* one from *Oxford J. R.* very wittily reconciling the *Enigma* to a perpetual Motion; alluding to the Diſcourſe about that in my laſt Journal; The fifth is this here, ſent me by the Ingenious Mr. *J. B.* and written by a Friend of his.

Seated within a Cave that's vaulted high
Proteus *doth* lye,
And thence
He doth thoſe Oracles *diſpence,*
Which o'er the Globe bear Influence.
Much pow'r doth to the buſie Tool belong
Of doing right, of doing wrong;
Some times impartially he moves,
But oft'ner baſe and mercenary proves.
For Gold he trudges to the Hall,
And for preferment loud does ball,
As well i'th' Church as Capitol.

Who therefore truly can deſcry
This uncouth Miſtery,
Which in ſo circumſcrib'd a ſpace doth ly,
Yet is the Bane or Bliſs of all Society?
Then truly th' only prudent Man, is he
That can command his Tongue, and let his Thoughts be free.

My worthy Friend Mr. *Tate* hath oblig'd me with this *Ænigma*, which will not be as eaſily found out as the laſt.

ÆNIGMA.

We are a People of no certain Station
Ramble like wandring Jew through ev'ry Nation,
Our Tribe encreaſes without Propagation.
We have no Laws, our Liberties to tether,
All Night we pig promiſcuouſly together,
And yet incur thereby no Scandal neither.
We oft make Love but without Inclination;
We fight and quarrel too but without Paſſion:
Laugh without Mirth, and ſet to work we play,
Yet ne'er are diſapointed of our Pay:
Talk much, but never mean the thing we ſay.
Mony we get, but can't command one Penny:
No Money ſpend or lend, yet ne'er keep any.
Tho' moſt of us go fine in our Attire,
And eat and drink whatever we deſire.
To what you ask fit Anſwers we repay,
Yet ne'er ſo much as heed one word you ſay.
Our Wit you'll ſay is of the middle Size,
For there's not one amongſt us Fool or Wiſe;
No one that e'er was Born, or ever Dyes.

The Traytor, an old Tragedy, hath not only been reviv'd the laſt Month, but alſo been reprinted with Alterations and Amendments: It was ſuppos'd to be *Shirly*'s, but he only uſher'd it in to the Stage; The Authour of it was one Mr. *Rivers* a Jeſuit, who wrote it in his Confinement in *Newgate*, where he died. It hath always been eſteemed a very good Play, by the beſt Judges of Dramatic Writing.

Mr. *Banks* hath writ a Tragedy call'd the *Innocent Uſurper*, wherein I am told, that he hath treated the Hiſtory of the Lady *Jane Grey*, with the ſame ſucceſs as that of Queen *Ann Boulen* in his

his *Virtue Betray'd*, and that the Earl of *Essex* in his *Unhappy Favorite*. However, there being some reasons which hinder it from appearing on the Stage, he designs to submit it to the Judgment of every Impartial Reader, and it will very speedily appear in Print.

There is a Novel now printing call'd the *Female Gallant*, or the *Wife's the Cuckold* by Mr. *A. Oldis*, who is the Authour of that call'd the *Fair Extravagant*, or the *Humorous Bride*, which hath met with so general a kind Reception

Polybius is an Historian which has always been in much esteem with the Learned, tho' much of him hath been lost I believe that you will be glad to hear that there is a likelyhood of seeing shortly an English Translation of what we have of that Authour. Mr. *Dryden* did me the Favour to shew it me in Manuscript, lately done by a Person of Quality, and doubtless it will not be long before it goes to the Press.

Reading some time ago, a French Book call'd *Conversations Chrétiennes*, which is universally ascribed to that Incomparable Metaphysician, Father *Mallebranche*; I was so infinitely taken with it, that I undertook to translate it; and being incourag'd by the Reverend Mr. *John Norris*, himself one of the best Judges and greatest Admirers of that Authour, I have now finish'd it, and I believe that it will be wholly printed in less than a Month, I call it *Christian Dialogues*. The Subject of the Book is to convince Atheists, Deists, and all others of the Truth of the Christian Religion and Morals; and as it is more particularly intended for those that follow the Cartesian System: The Authour goes according to their Principles, and makes generally use of Demonstrations to prove his Assertions.

I intended to have sent you a Learned Discourse by the Famous Mr. *Huygens*, which is come to my hands, concerning the *Harmonical Cycle*; or some new Criticisms on the Theorical Part of Musick; but having not room enough to insert it here, I am oblig'd to reserve it for my next.

Courage is so natural to the English, that even the tender Sex, give a frequent Mark of theirs: We have had but two Years ago a young Lady on board the Fleet in Man's Apparel, who show'd all the Signs of the most undaunted Valour. Several others are still living, and some of them in this Town, who have serv'd whole Campaigns, and fought stroke by stroke by the most manly Soldiers. The last Letters from *Genoa* give us an account of an *English Heroin* who, they tell us, is of quality. She had serv'd two years in the *French* Army in *Piedmont* as a *Volunteer*, and was entertain'd

for

for her Merit by the Governor of *Pignerol* in the quality of his Gentleman of the Horſe; at laſt playing with another of her Sex, ſhe was diſcover'd; and the Governor having thought fit to inform the King his Maſter of this, he hath ſent him word that he would be glad to ſee the Lady; which hath occaſion'd her coming to *Genoa*, in order to Imbark for *France*: Nature has beſtow'd no leſs Beauty on her than Courage; and her Age is not above 26. The *French* Envoy hath Orders to cauſe her to be waited on to *Marſeille*, and to furniſh her with all Neceſſaries.

I was in hopes to have given you in this Letter an account of the Acting of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Cleomenes*; It was to have appear'd upon the Stage on *Saturday* laſt, and you need not doubt but that the Town was big with the Expectation of the performance; but Orders came from her Majeſty to hinder its being Acted; ſo that none can tell when it ſhall be play'd.

The *Opera*, whereof I wrote to you, will be haſten'd upon this account.

The Queen Dowager hath finally left *Somerſet-houſe*, and is gone for *Dover*, in order to Imbark for *Calais*; She was ſaluted by the Guns on the *Tower* as ſhe paſs'd over the Bridge, and a numerous Train of Coaches, with Perſons of Quality of both Sexes, bore her Majeſty company out of Town.

You are too a great Lover of Liberal Arts and Sciences, and of Painting in particular not to be glad to learn that his Majeſty was pleas'd, a little before he went over, to beſtow the Honour of Knighthood on *Godfrey Kneller* Eſq; that admirable Maſter in that Noble Art, as a ſingular Mark of his Eſteem for his rare performances in it. Imitating in this his great Predeceſſors, who have Conferr'd the ſame Title on the moſt Eminent Maſters of their time, as Sir *Peter Paul Rubens*, Sir *Anthony Vandike*, Sir *Peter Lely*. Foreign Nations are not backwards in paying the ſame acknowledgments to the Merit of Painting. And in Ancient *Rome*, as well as in the New, it hath always been honour'd and encourag'd.

The moſt Noble Family of the *Fabii* have taken their Sir-names from Painting; The chief of them painted the Temple of Safety with his own hands 450 years after the Building of the City, which Painting continued freſh for 400 years, 'till the Temple was burn'd; and amongſt Poets, *Pacuuius*, the Nephew of *Ennius*, practis'd Painting with ſucceſs; there being indeed a great Affinity between it and Poetry. Hiſtory tells us of a World of Eminent perſons who have apply'd themſelves much to that Art; and we do not read that ever any one that was a Slave practis'd it in thoſe times.

To

To enumerate the Honours which have been paid to Painters by Princes and whole States would be too tedious; ſome have had reception on free-coſt, where ever they came, decreed 'em by the Publick Council of *Greece*; Immenſe Rewards have been paid to others for their Pieces; Statues have been erected to many; *Alexander* himſelf rewarded *Apelles* with his own Miſtreſs; and in our Age, the Famous *Pouſſin* had all the Advances and Honours imaginable paid him by a haughty Court, whoſe Subject he was born. Indeed we muſt confeſs that, like their Brothers, or Couſin-germans the Poets, ſome of them have receiv'd more Honours, and been more admir'd after their Deaths than during their Lives; but, in my opinion, they have generally far'd the better of the Two, whereas Poverty attends the latter ev'n to a Proverb.

I ſend you here three Songs this time; and if I had had room, you ſhould have had the Tune of this as well as the Words, which are by a Man of Quality.

You underſtand no tender Vows,
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his Labour loſe,
Who do's with Sighs and Tears propoſe,
Your Heart to move.
But if he talk of ſetling Land,
A Houſe in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
You underſtand.

You underſtand no Charms in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fops you will ſubmit,
The nauſeous Clown, or fulſome Cit,
If rich they are.
Who Guineys can, may you Command;
Put Gold, and then put in your Hand,
You underſtand.

All

All the hopes which the *French* had conceived of making a ſeparate Peace with *Savoy*, being vaniſhed, they take the utmoſt care to put their Forces in the beſt poſture poſſible on that ſide; and Monſieur *Catinat* preſſing for more Men, it is evident, that (including the Detachments which they ſend to guard their Sea-Coaſts) they will not be able to bring ſo conſiderable an Army into the Field in *Flanders* as they at firſt deſigned.

The *Arrierban*, which conſiſts of the Nobility and Gentry of that Kingdom, is raiſed, as alſo their *Militia*, and all the fair Promiſes imaginable are made to them. And tho' they would inſinuate, that all theſe mighty Preparations on their Sea Coaſts are to be employ'd offenſively on Board their Fleet, yet it is plain enough, that they are highly ſenſible how little likelihood there is of making any Attempt out of their Kingdom by Sea, any more than by Land; ſince our Fleet will be not only ſtrong enough to put theirs to their laſt years trick of skulking, but at the ſame time, in ſpite of their medley of *Militia*, *Iriſh*, and *Regulated Troops*, to make a Deſcent into their Country.

The *French* Nobility and Gentry, as well as the Commonalty, are more ſenſible of the intolerable Preſſures which they have groaned under, (chiefly ſince this Reign) than ſome People here imagine them to be. Thoſe that give the Hiſtory of the three or four laſt Reigns a reading, and particularly to that of the beginning of this preſent *French* Monarch under the Queen Mothers Regency, will find that they have from time to time endeavoured to exert that Freedom which is conſonant with their Name, and their Anceſtors Rights, and the methods which the King took to ruine them all by degrees, and bring them to a ſervile dependency, are not yet out of their memories.

This *Arrierban*, which by the ancient Laws ought to be raiſed but once in 30 years, and that too in the laſt Extremities, hath been raiſed ſeveral times during this Reign, and many of their Immunities, of which they are very jealous, have been encroached upon. I have converſed with many of them whilſt I lived in that Kingdom, which hath been many years: And tho' generally they ſhew all the veneration for their Prince which Subjects can expreſs, yet both they, and the moſt ſenſible part of the People, are not ſo well reconciled to the modern Notions of arbitrary Power, as ſome would have us to believe; they have all along wanted an opportunity to vindicate their Rights with ſome ſafety. However, during this Reign, there hath been ſeveral conſiderable Inſurrections, merely upon account of unlawful Taxes in many parts of that Kingdom. It is true, that for want of Foreign Aid, they at laſt have been unſucceſsful: But

it is plain enough alſo, that had not a good Body of Men, under a valiant and potent Prince, appeared here ſome years ago, there would have been but little likelihood of removing the Cauſes of our Diſcontents, and our Condition might have been in time as bad as theirs. For I am very confident, that notwithſtanding the vulgar opinion that the *French* are wedded to their Miſeries, they have wanted more a Chief, Money, Arms, and Means to effect their Deliverance, than a Will or a Heart to undertake it.

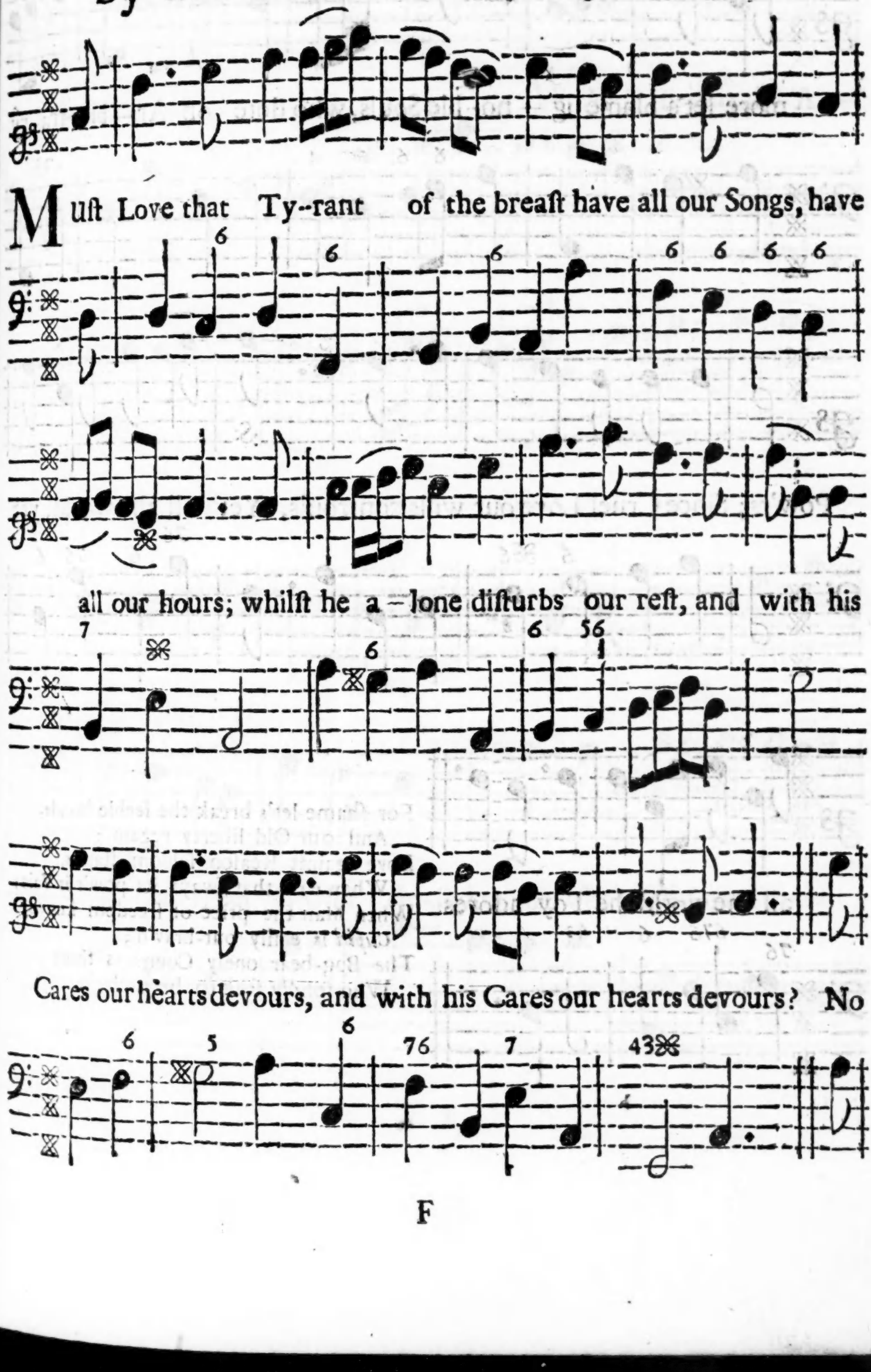
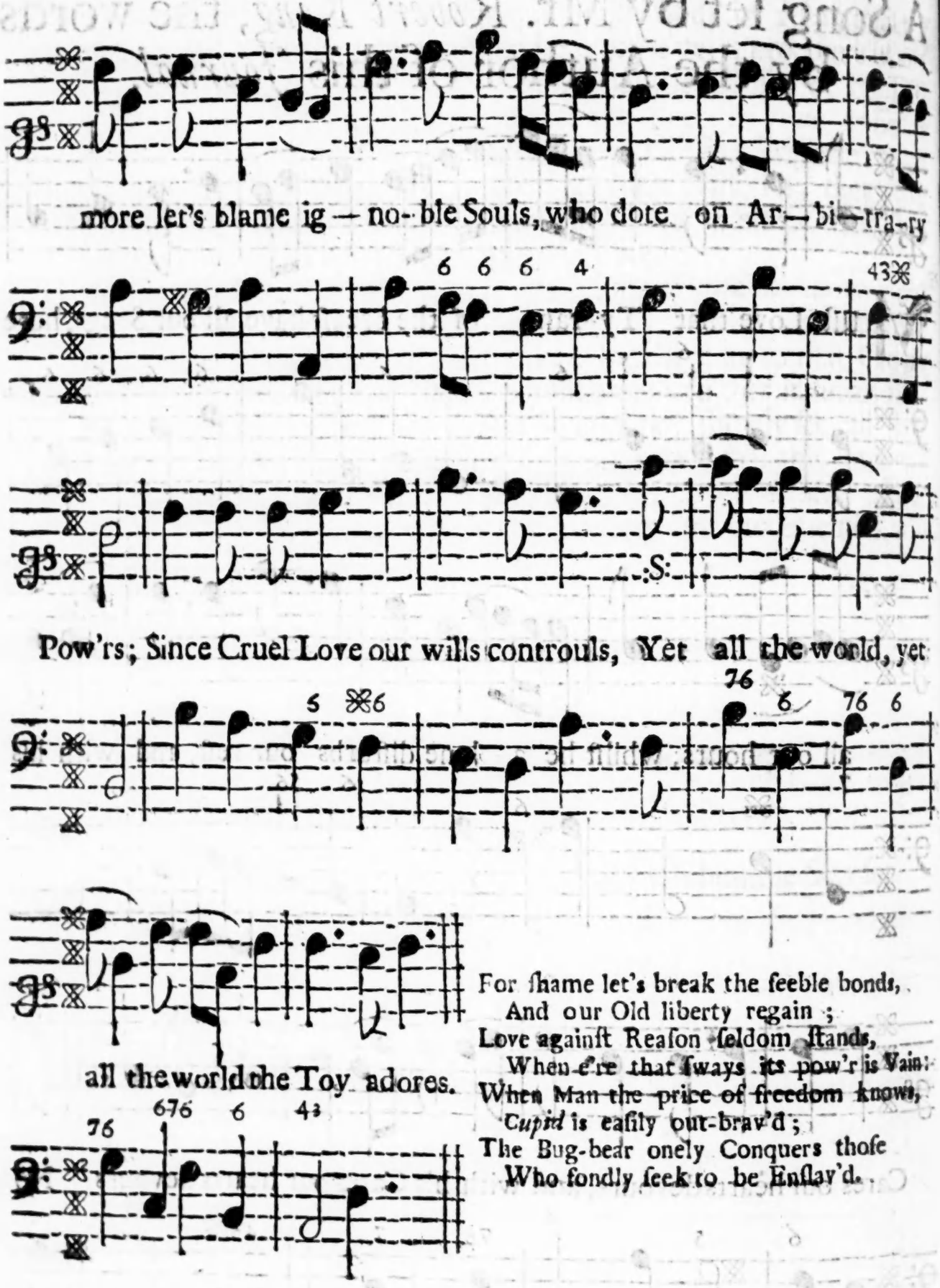
The vaſt Charges which the Preparations of the *Confederates* oblige the *French* to be at on all ſides to put themſelves into a poſture of defence, muſt needs be much more burthenſom to that Crown this Campagne, than they have been hitherto: ſo that it ſeems altogether improbable, that the *French* ſhould not ſhortly ſee all their Funds exhauſted. By this it is reaſonable to hope, that this year will bring this deplorable War to a period, either by the force of our Arms, or the Incapacity which the poverty of our Enemies will drive them to.

I am, SIR,

London,
April 12.
1692.

Your moſt humble Servant

A Song.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, the words by the Author of this *Journal*.

Muſt Love that Ty--rant of the breaſt have all our Songs, have
all our hours; whilſt he a-lone diſturbs our reſt, and with his
Cares our hearts devours, and with his Cares our hearts devours? No

more let's blame ig — no- ble Souls, who dote on Ar — bi — tra-ry
Pow'rs; Since Cruel Love our wills controuls, Yet all the world, yet
all the world the Toy adores.

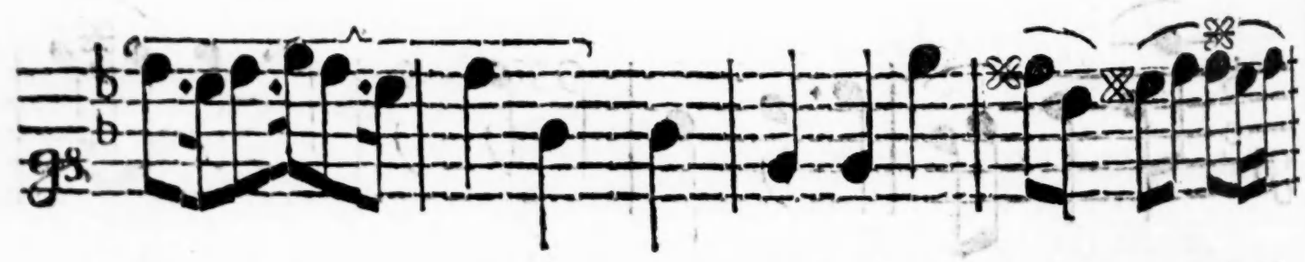
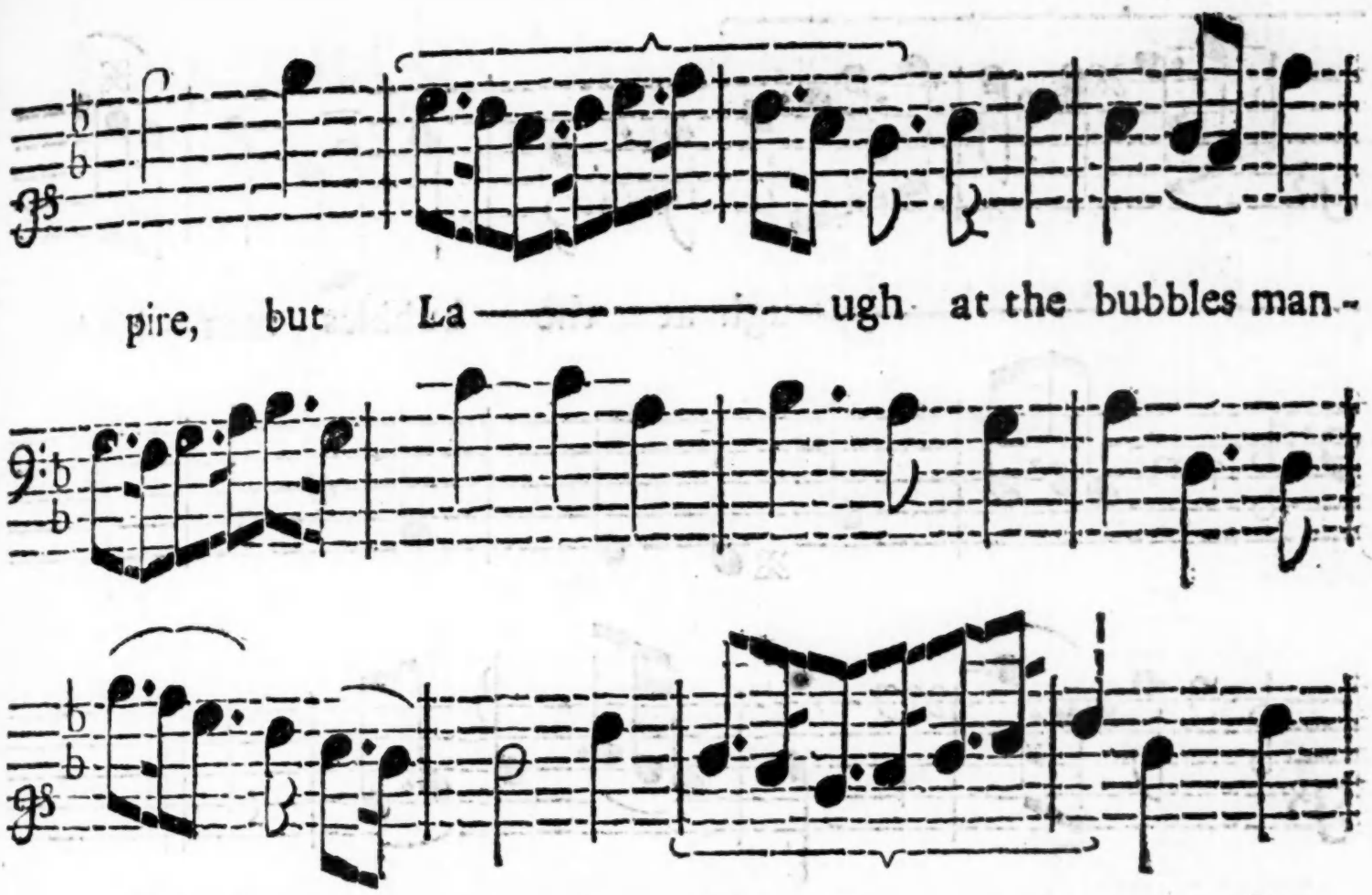
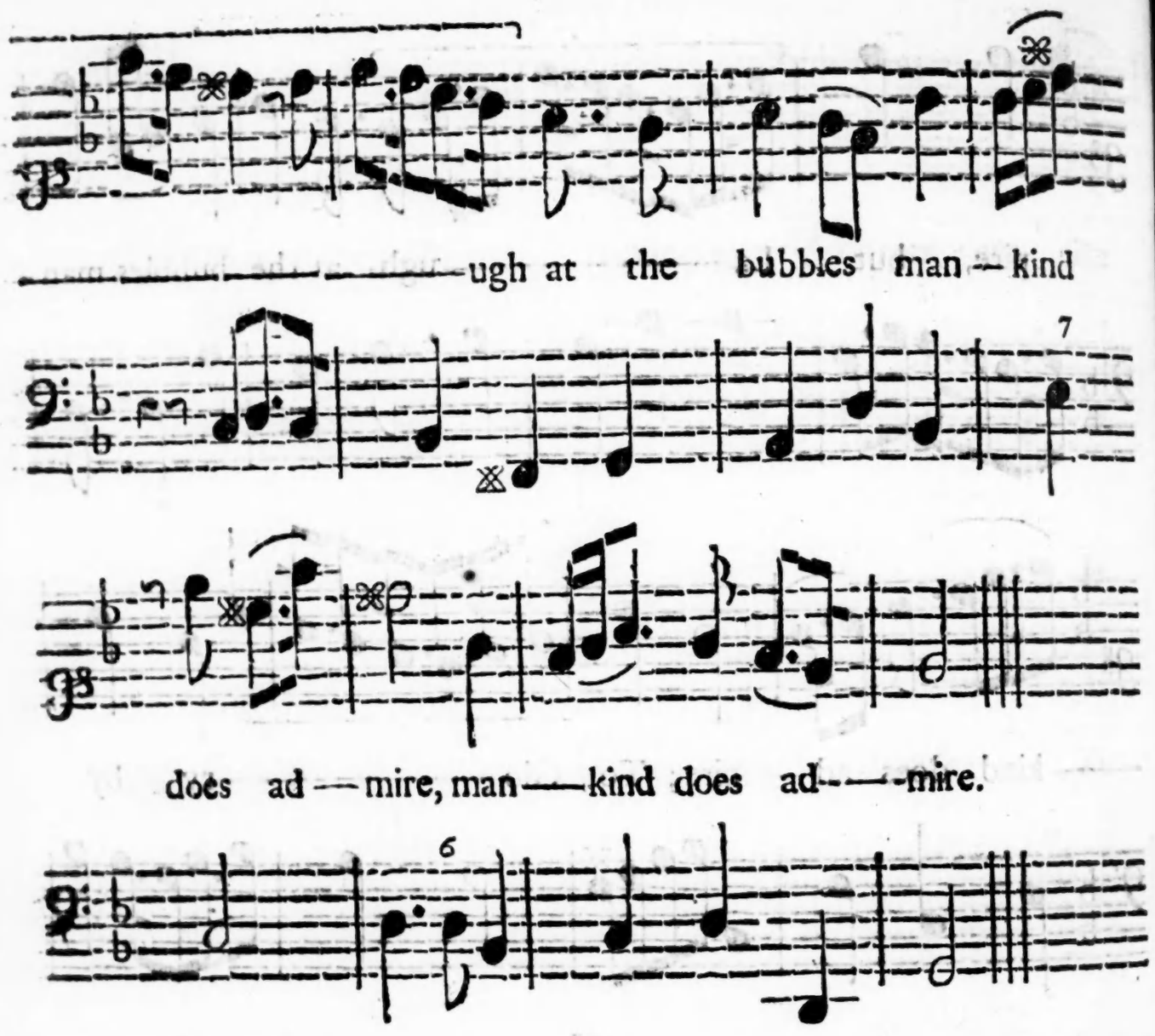
For ſhame let's break the feeble bonds,
And our Old liberty regain;
Love againſt Reaſon ſeldom ſtands,
When e're that ſways its pow'r is Vain:
When Man the price of freedom knows,
Cupid is eaſily out-brav'd;
The Bug-bear onely Conquers thoſe
Who fondly ſeek to be Enſlav'd.

W Arr's fa—tal A—

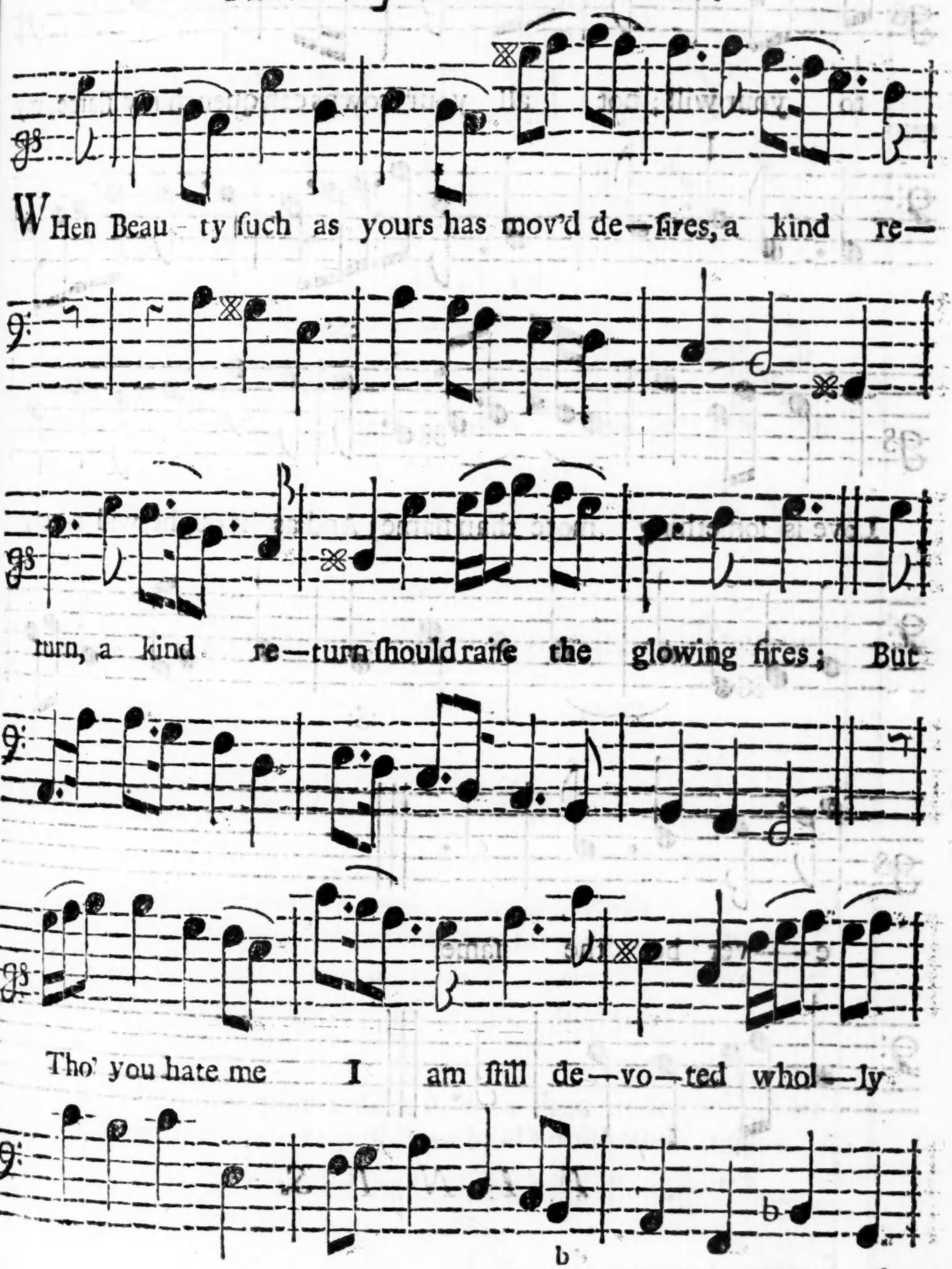
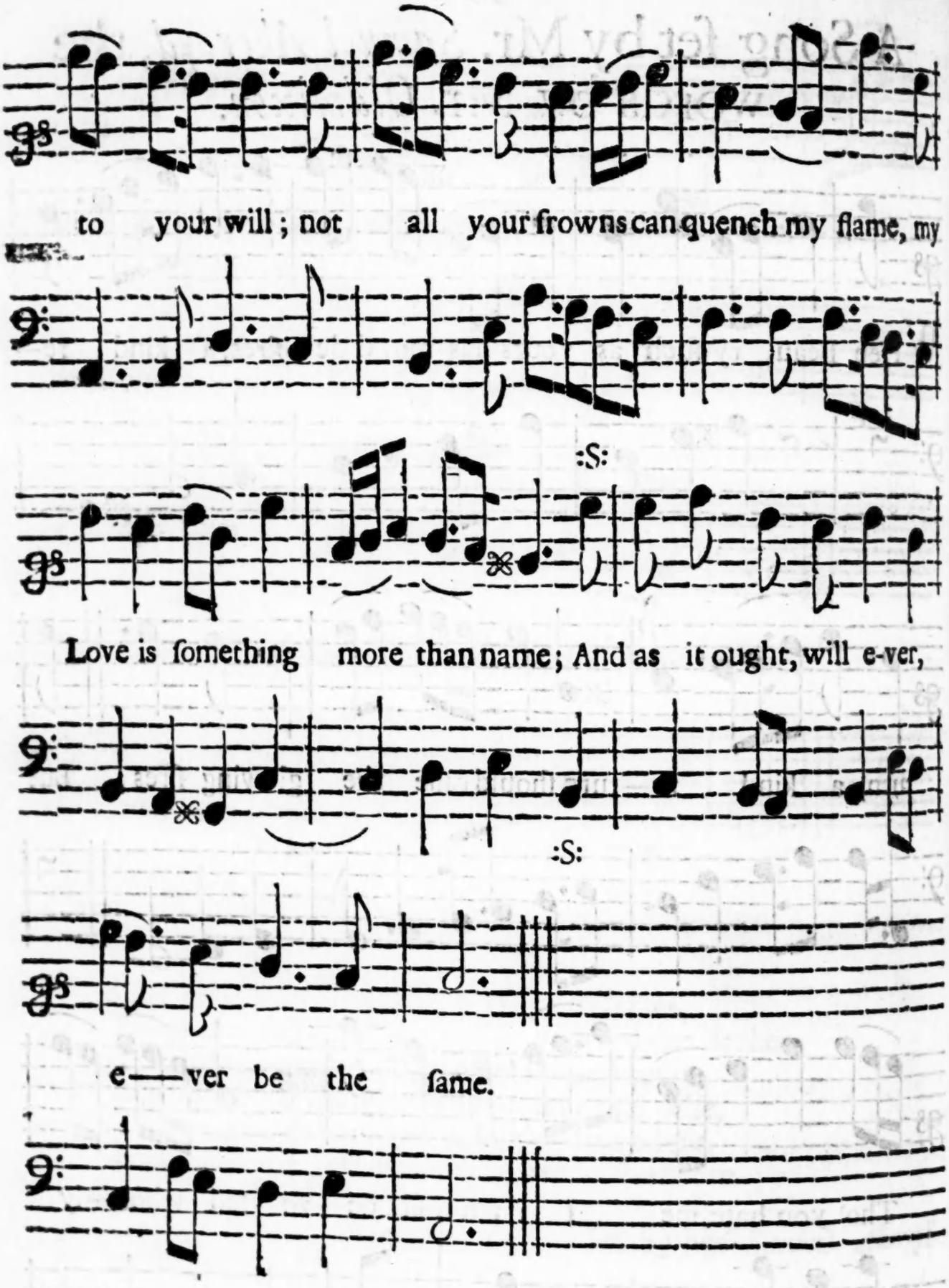
—larms and the noiſe of great fights ſhall never in—

—tice me from ſa—fer de-lights, let e'm fight to gain

Honour by Battles in Fields, no Charms are like

thoſe, like thoſe which quiet – neſs yeilds: To

Glo——————ry by dangers I ner'e will aſ-

pire, but La——ugh at the bubbles man-
——kind does ad—mire; To Glo——ry by
dan—gers I ne'er will af——pire, but La——

False notions of Honour and vulgar miſtakes,
Provoke to the game where our lives are the Stakes,
Too great is the hazard, too ſmall is the prize,
Then give me the Man who's merry and wiſe,
That laughs at the Idols mankind does adore,
And takes the beſt meaſures to live to fourſcore.

Set by Mr *Samuel Akeroyd.*

A Song ſet by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyd*, the words by Mr. *Oldmixon*.

When Beau - ty ſuch as yours has mov'd de—ſires, a kind re—
turn, a kind re—turn ſhould raiſe the glowing fires; But
Tho' you hate me I am ſtill de—vo—ted whol—ly

to your will; not all your frowns can quench my flame, my
Love is ſomething more than name; And as it ought, will e-ver,
e——ver be the ſame.

F I N I S.